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REAL STORIES FROM POLICE RECORDS!

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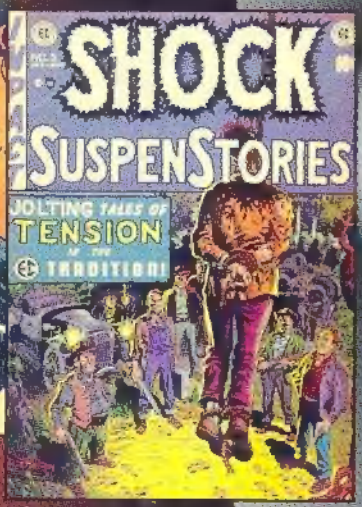


TELL US YOUR STORY!

We're interested in hearing from past and present EC collectors as we revamp the EC portion of our website, **www.gemstonepub.com**.

Did you get them off the newsstand when they first came out, or are you a newcomer to EC fandom? Do you collect for value or for the stories? What grabs you about them? Do you like the art? The stories? Both? Are they just great comics or are they your favorites? Let us know!

e-mail **eccollector@gemstonepub.com**

Or write to

EC Collector
The Overstreet Comic Book Price Guide
Gemstone Publishing, Inc.
1966 Greenspring Drive, Suite LL-3
Timonium, MD 21093

VICTOR WOLF & SAM BART

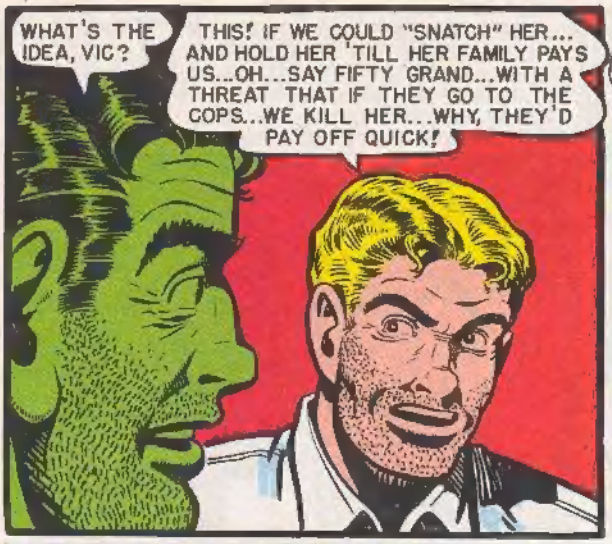
KIDNAPPERS

THEY TRIED TO PULL A SMART KIDNAPPING, BUT FOUND THAT THE F.B.I. WAS MUCH SMARTER! *

Crime Patrol (USPS 009303) Vol. 1, No. 5, August 2000. Published monthly by Gemstone Publishing, #4 Court Square, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. **Periodicals postage paid at West Plains, MO.** Entire contents © 2000 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Crime Patrol #11 © 1948 by I.C. Publishing Co., Inc., re © 1993 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Subscription rate $10 ($16 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in Canada. **Postmaster: send address changes to Crime Patrol, Gemstone, POB 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.**

ONE NIGHT IN APRIL 1947, ON A DARK STREET IN A MIDWESTERN TOWN...
HE'S LOCKING UP, NOW! HE'LL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE!
I HOPE HE'S GOT A PILE! WE'RE ALMOST BUSTED!
BAR & GRILL
SHHH! HE'S CROSSING OVER! READY, NOW!
YEAH! I'M READY!
GOT A MATCH, BUDDY?
WHY... I...
DON'T MOVE, MISTER! THIS IS A STICK-UP!
NOW, JUST A MINUTE, FELLOWS...
AH, SHADDUP...!
CLUNK!
GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS, VIC! I'LL WATCH THE STREET!
YEAH, SAM!
QUICK! SOMEONE'S COMING!
I GOT HIS WALLET, LET'S SCRAM!

LATER... IN A DINGY FURNISHED ROOM...
THIRTY BUCKS!! THAT'S ALL THE BUM HAD ON HIM! A MEASLY THIRTY BUCKS!!
SHUT UP, SAM! DO YOU WANT SOMEONE TO HEAR YOU!
LISTEN, VIC! I'M SICK OF THIS PENNY-ANTE-STUFF...LIVIN' IN FURNISHED ROOMS...EATIN' IN DIRTY LITTLE DIVES... I WANNA GO OUT AN' HAVE A GOOD TIME... LIVE IN A SWELL HOTEL... GO TO NIGHT CLUBS...GET SOME REAL DOUGH!
TAKE IT EASY, SAM! THIS LITTLE STUFF AIN'T MUCH BUT IT KEEPS THE COPS OFF OUR TAIL!
IF WE PULLED A BIG JOB LIKE A BANK OR SOMETHIN', EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY WOULD BE LOOKIN' FOR US...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HUH? YELLOW??
NOBODY CALLS ME "YELLOW"!! SEE?
CRACK!
OKAY, OKAY, VIC! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! LET'S FORGET IT!
AN' DON'T EVER CALL ME YELLOW AGAIN!
LATER...
HEY, BART! HERE Y'ARE! HERE'S TH' CHANCE TO MAKE SOME OF THAT BIG DOUGH YOU WANT!
WHERE, VIC, WHERE?
WHA...WHY THIS IS THE SOCIETY PAGE!
THAT'S RIGHT, AND THAT STORY ABOUT THAT DEBUTANTE GAVE ME THE IDEA!

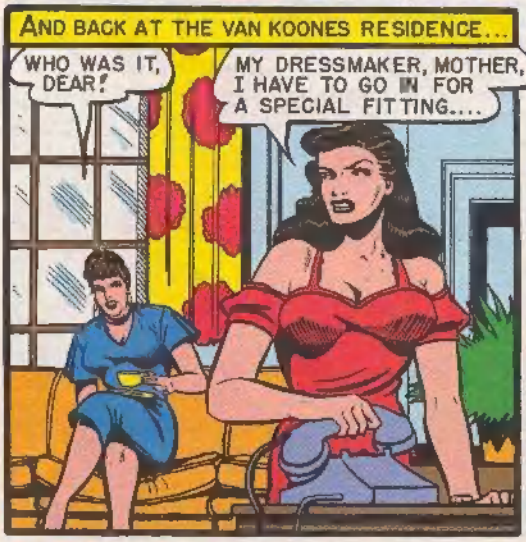

WHAT'S THE IDEA, VIC?
THIS! IF WE COULD "SNATCH" HER... AND HOLD HER 'TILL HER FAMILY PAYS US...OH...SAY FIFTY GRAND...WITH A THREAT THAT IF THEY GO TO THE COPS...WE KILL HER...WHY, THEY'D PAY OFF QUICK!

YEAH, AN' THEN WE COULD BEAT IT OUT OF THE COUNTRY, BEFORE THEY EVEN GET STARTED ON THE CASE! SOUNDS GREAT!
EXACTLY! NOW... HERE'S THE PLAN!

THE NEXT DAY AT THE VAN KOONES' ESTATE...
WHEN THAT CHAUFFEUR ROUNDS THIS CORNER...HE'S GONNA GET A SURPRISE!

CLUNK!

MEANWHILE...IN A PHONE BOOTH...
HELLO...MISS VAN KOONES? THIS IS YOUR DRESSMAKER, MISS VAN KOONES! CAN YOU COME DOWN TO THE SHOP FOR A SPECIAL FITTING! IT'S THE DRESS FOR YOUR DEBUT!


AND BACK AT THE VAN KOONES RESIDENCE...
WHO WAS IT, DEAR!
MY DRESSMAKER, MOTHER, I HAVE TO GO IN FOR A SPECIAL FITTING....

HENRY, WILL YOU HAVE WILLIAM BRING THE CAR AROUND?
YES, MODDOM!

WILLIAM! THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO THE DRESSMAKERS! WILLIAM! WHY...!!
THAT'S RIGHT, GIRLIE! THIS ISN'T THE WAY AND I AIN'T WILLIAM! NOW SIT BACK AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

HOP IN, VIC!
GOOD WORK, SAM!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

IT MEANS, MISS VAN KOONES, THAT YOU'RE BEIN' KIDNAPPED!
OH, STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS AND LET ME OUT AT ONCE...

MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU THAT WE AIN'T FOOLIN'!
OOOOOH!
WHAM!

HERE WE ARE, VIC!
OKAY, GET HER INTO THE HOUSE AND HIDE THE CAR IN THE BACK SO IT CAN'T BE SEEN!

TIE HER UP SO SHE WON'T MAKE TROUBLE!
OKAY, VIC!

SHE'S TIED, VIC! NOW WHAT?
YOU WATCH HER! I GOTTA PHONE HER FOLKS ABOUT THE RANSOM AN' I GOTTA GO 'WAY ACROSS TOWN TO DO IT... SO THEY WON'T TRACE THE CALL TO THIS LOCALITY! BE BACK SOON!

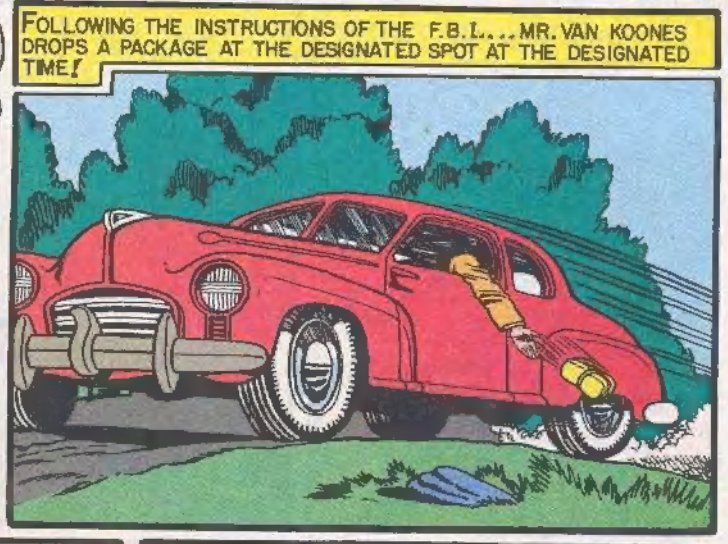
YOUR FOLKS BETTER *PAY* THAT RANSOM, TOO—GIRLIE, OR IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR YOU!
THEY'LL GET YOU TWO BEFORE THAT TIME COMES!
Y' KNOW, IT'D BE A SHAME TO SLIT YOUR LOVELY THROAT IF THEY DON'T!
WHY, YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
OH, NO?
CLICK!
EEEEEE...MMPH!
SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE FOOL! DO YOU WANT EVERY COP IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD HERE!
OOOOOWWW!
WHY YOU LITTLE ✱@✱?X!
WHAM!
SOB... SOB...
THAT'LL TEACH YA TO GET SMART WITH SAM BART!

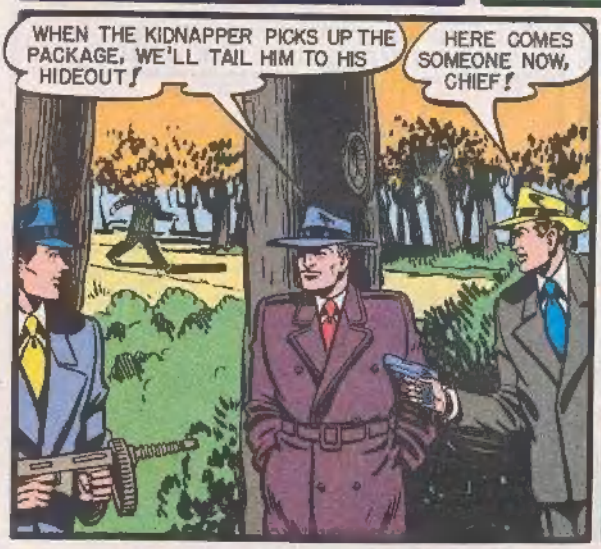
MEANWHILE...
AN' DON'T GO TO THE COPS OR YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN... WRAP UP THE MONEY IN SMALL BILLS AND DROP IT FROM A CAR ON ROUTE 17 AT THE OLD SAW-MILL!

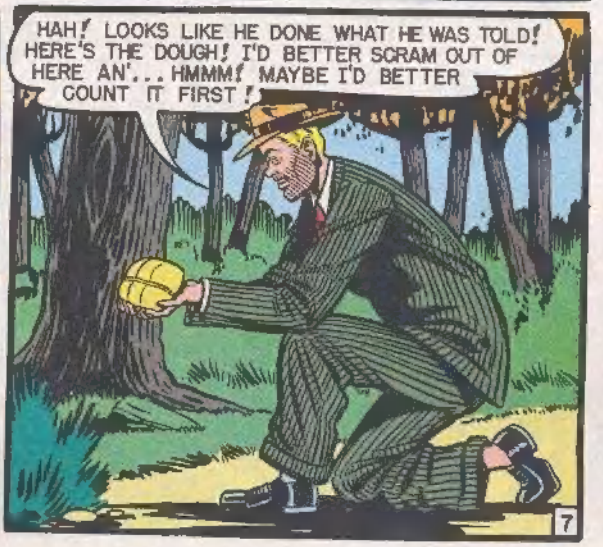
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, PAUL!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, DEAR! CALL IN THE F.B.I.

BUT THEY SAID THEY'D KILL HER IF WE DID!
AND HOW DO WE KNOW THEY WON'T KILL JEAN AFTER WE PAY THE MONEY SO SHE CAN'T IDENTIFY THEM!

YOU WERE RIGHT, MR. VAN KOONES! THIS IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO! OUR MEN WORK FAST AND EFFICIENTLY! THERE WILL BE NO PUBLICITY ABOUT OUR BEING ON THE CASE!!! NOW! HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

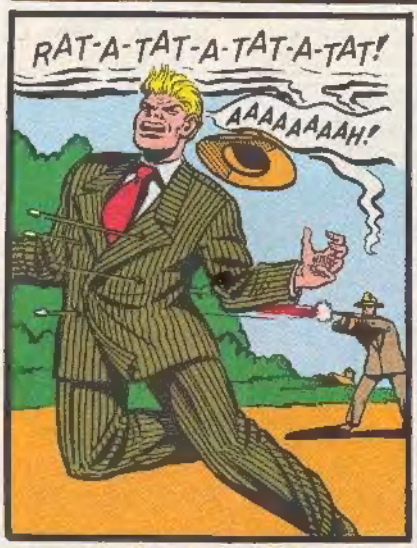

FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE F.B.I.... MR. VAN KOONES DROPS A PACKAGE AT THE DESIGNATED SPOT AT THE DESIGNATED TIME!


WHEN THE KIDNAPPER PICKS UP THE PACKAGE, WE'LL TAIL HIM TO HIS HIDEOUT!
HERE COMES SOMEONE NOW, CHIEF!


HAH! LOOKS LIKE HE DONE WHAT HE WAS TOLD! HERE'S THE DOUGH! I'D BETTER SCRAM OUT OF HERE AN'... HMMM! MAYBE I'D BETTER COUNT IT FIRST!

WHAT TH..?? PAPER! A BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPER... THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING...
OKAY, MEN! HE'S ON TO IT! TAKE HIM!
UP WITH YOUR HANDS, YOU!

WHA...?? COPPERS! IT'S A FRAME-UP! YOU WON'T GET ME, COPPERS! NOBODY TAKES VICTOR WOLF!


RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT-A-TAT!
AAAAAAAAH!

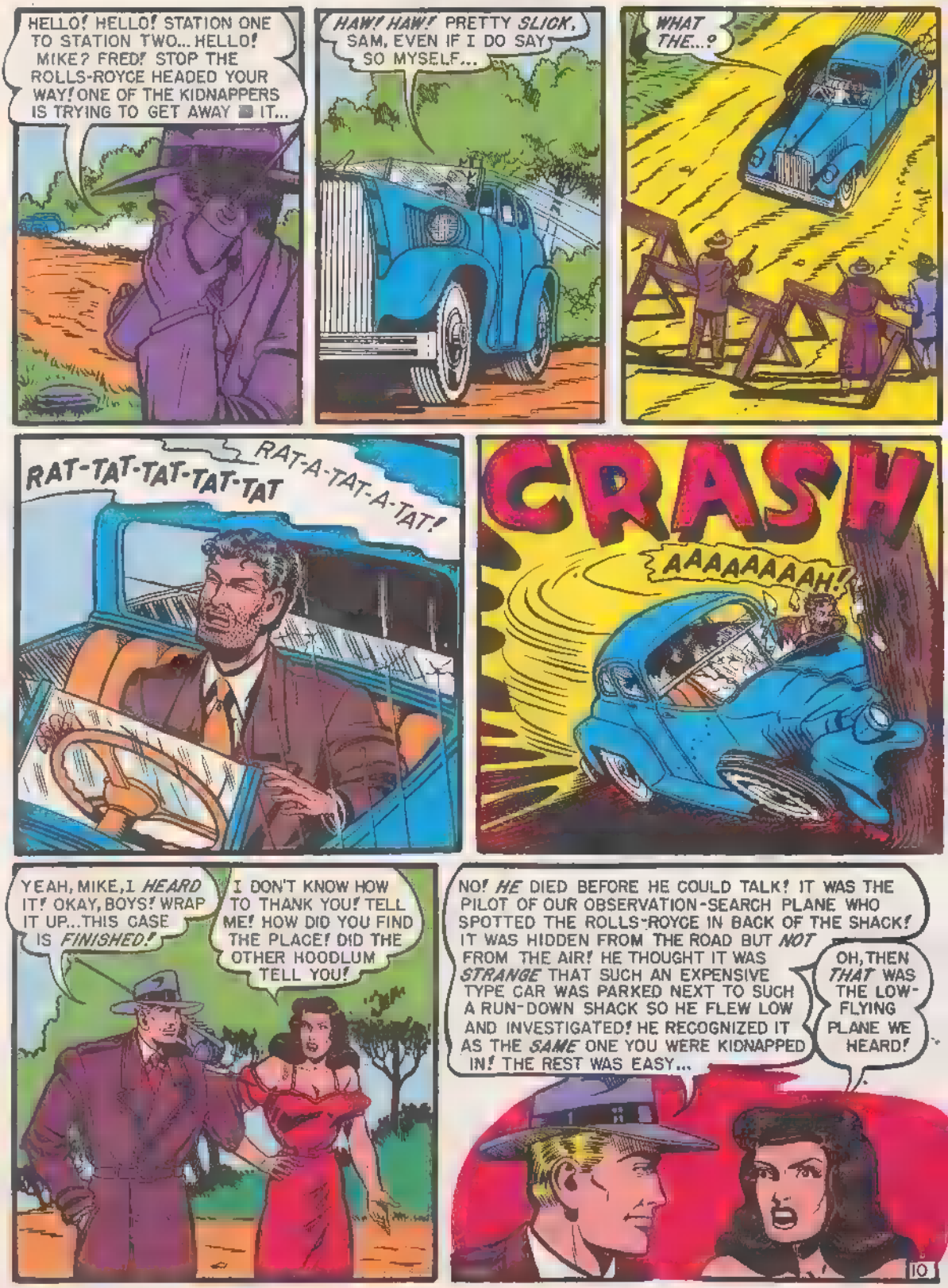
IS HE DEAD?
YES, CHIEF! HE'S DONE FOR!

THIS IS A BAD BREAK, MEN! HIS CATCHING ONTO OUR TRICK RUINED EVERYTHING! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WORK FAST NOW, IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE THAT GIRL!

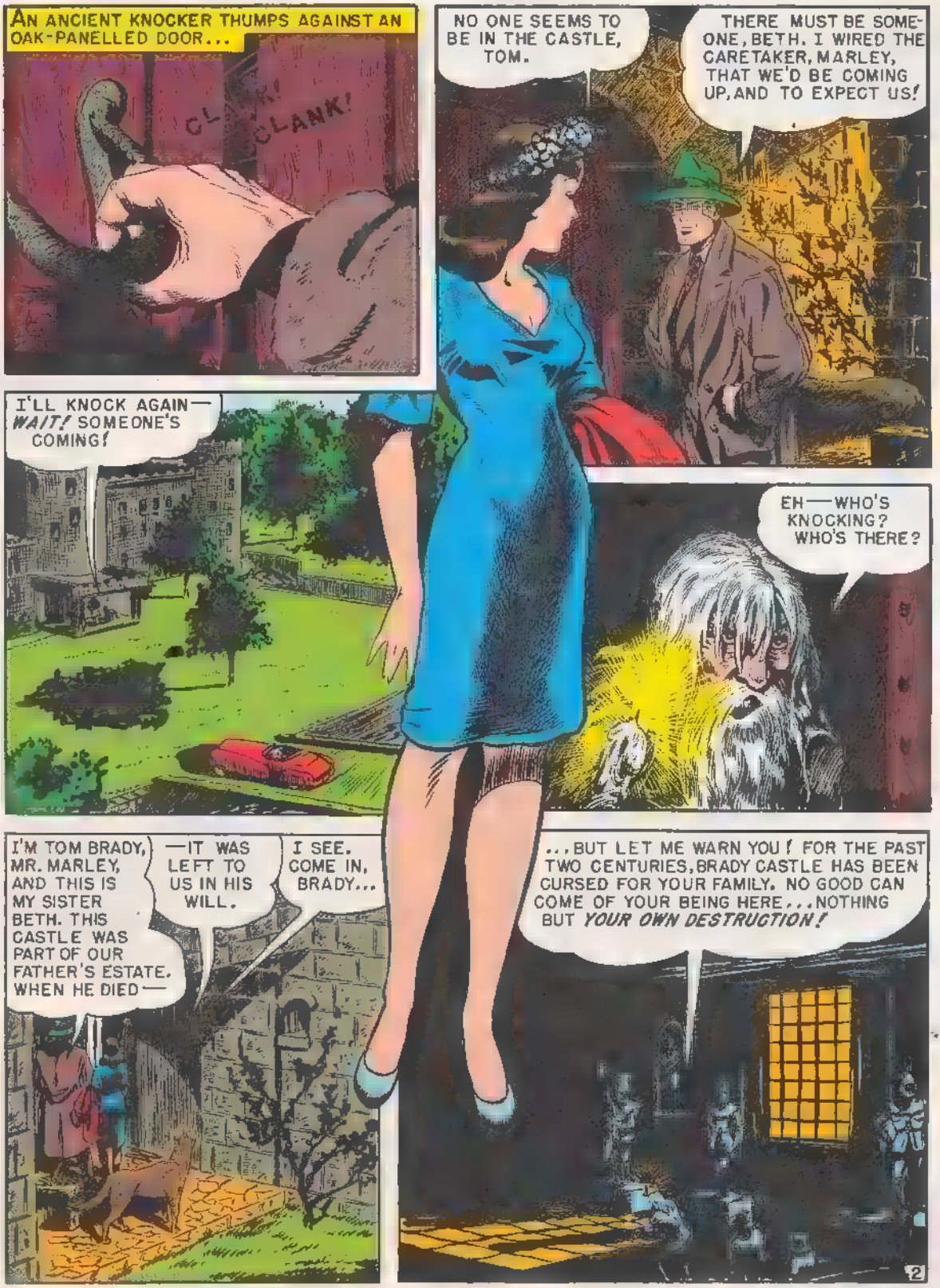
LATER, AT THE SHACK, SAM BART PACES THE FLOOR.
VIC SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK BY NOW WITH THE DOUGH....
MAYBE HE GOT THE MONEY AND RAN OUT ON YOU....

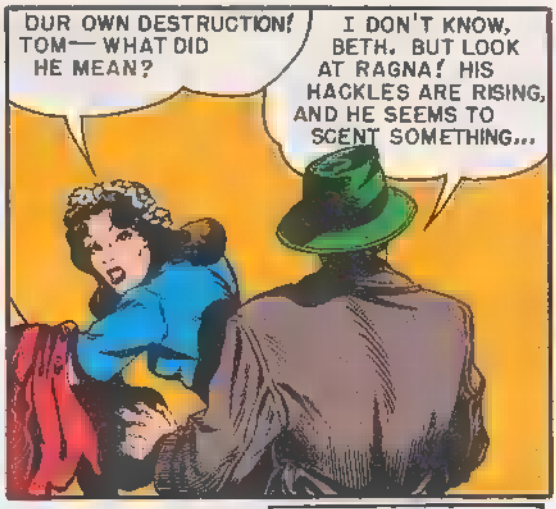
AAH, HE WOULDN'T DO THAT TO ME! WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A CAR...

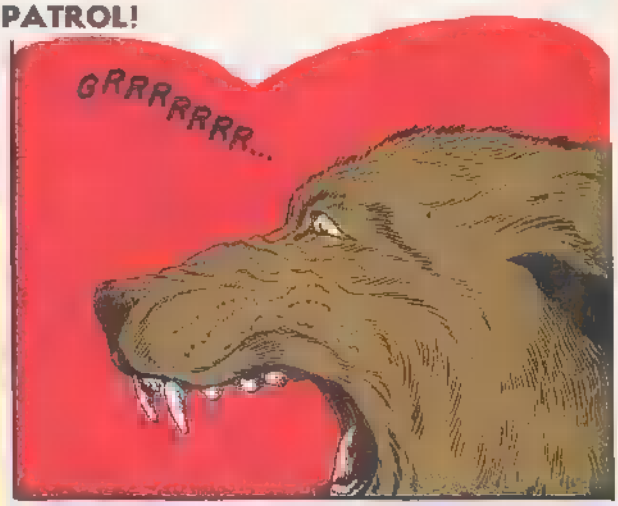
NAW! IT'S JUST A PLANE FLYIN' LOW...
MAYBE THEY CAUGHT HIM, AND NOW HE'S TELLING THEM WHERE THEY CAN FIND YOU!!
LISTEN, SISTER! IF THEY TRY TO TAKE ME, I'LL KILL YOU FIRST!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
HE SHOULD'A BEEN BACK BY NOW!!! MAYBE YOU WERE RIGHT! MAYBE THEY DID GET HIM! I GOTTA SCRAM OUT OF HERE...
BUT I AIN'T GONNA LEAVE YOU HERE TO TELL 'EM WHAT I LOOK LIKE... SO...
NO, DON'T..
ALL RIGHT IN THERE... THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED!
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP... THIS IS THE F.B.I.
G-MEN! THEY WON'T GET ME... C'MON SISTER...
LISTEN, YOU COPPERS! I'M GETTIN' T' THAT CAR OVER THERE... OR THIS GIRL GETS IT THE BACK... TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN!
S'LONG GIRLIE... THANKS FOR HELPIN' ME GET AWAY! I WON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE...


HELLO! HELLO! STATION ONE TO STATION TWO... HELLO! MIKE? FRED! STOP THE ROLLS-ROYCE HEADED YOUR WAY! ONE OF THE KIDNAPPERS IS TRYING TO GET AWAY IT...
HAW! HAW! PRETTY SLICK, SAM, EVEN IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF...
WHAT THE...?
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT!
CRASH
AAAAAAAAH!
YEAH, MIKE, I HEARD IT! OKAY, BOYS! WRAP IT UP... THIS CASE IS FINISHED!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU! TELL ME! HOW DID YOU FIND THE PLACE! DID THE OTHER HOODLUM TELL YOU!
NO! HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD TALK! IT WAS THE PILOT OF OUR OBSERVATION-SEARCH PLANE WHO SPOTTED THE ROLLS-ROYCE IN BACK OF THE SHACK! IT WAS HIDDEN FROM THE ROAD BUT NOT FROM THE AIR! HE THOUGHT IT WAS STRANGE THAT SUCH AN EXPENSIVE TYPE CAR WAS PARKED NEXT TO SUCH A RUN-DOWN SHACK SO HE FLEW LOW AND INVESTIGATED! HE RECOGNIZED IT AS THE SAME ONE YOU WERE KIDNAPPED IN! THE REST WAS EASY...
OH, THEN THAT WAS THE LOW-FLYING PLANE WE HEARD!

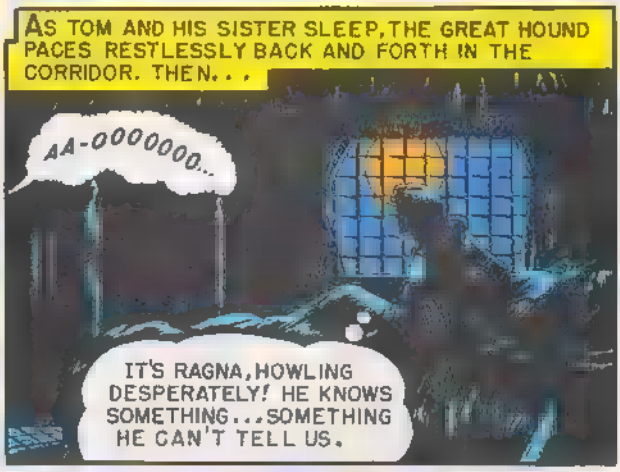
the WEREWOLF'S CURSE!
THROUGHOUT THE AGES, WHEREVER MEN HAVE GATHERED, THEY HAVE SPOKEN OF NAMELESS TERRORS—OF EVIL MONSTERS THAT STRIKE SHUDDERING FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL WHO BEHOLD THEM! THE MOST LOATHSOME OF THESE CREATURES HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE *WEREWOLF*... HALF-MAN AND HALF-WOLF! WHEN TOM BRADY AND HIS SISTER BETH RETURN TO THEIR ANCESTRAL CASTLE ON THE DREARY MOORS OF NORTH SCOTLAND, THEY LEARN THAT ALL WEREWOLVES ARE *NOT OF THE PAST!*


AN ANCIENT KNOCKER THUMPS AGAINST AN OAK-PANELLED DOOR...
CLANK!
NO ONE SEEMS TO BE IN THE CASTLE, TOM.
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE, BETH. I WIRED THE CARETAKER, MARLEY, THAT WE'D BE COMING UP, AND TO EXPECT US!
I'LL KNOCK AGAIN— WAIT! SOMEONE'S COMING!
EH—WHO'S KNOCKING? WHO'S THERE?
I'M TOM BRADY, MR. MARLEY, AND THIS IS MY SISTER BETH. THIS CASTLE WAS PART OF OUR FATHER'S ESTATE. WHEN HE DIED—
—IT WAS LEFT TO US IN HIS WILL.
I SEE. COME IN, BRADY...
...BUT LET ME WARN YOU! FOR THE PAST TWO CENTURIES, BRADY CASTLE HAS BEEN CURSED FOR YOUR FAMILY. NO GOOD CAN COME OF YOUR BEING HERE...NOTHING BUT YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION!


OUR OWN DESTRUCTION! TOM— WHAT DID HE MEAN?
I DON'T KNOW, BETH. BUT LOOK AT RAGNA! HIS HACKLES ARE RISING, AND HE SEEMS TO SCENT SOMETHING...

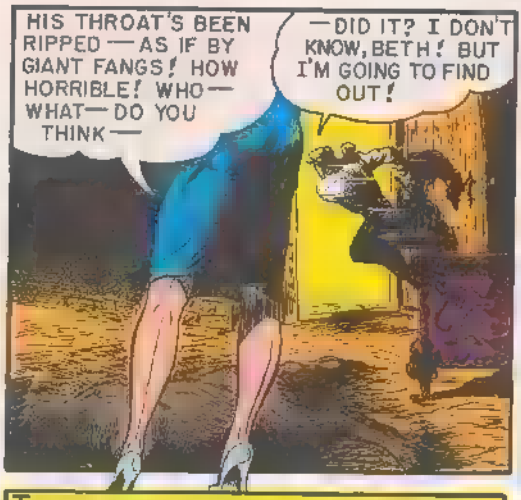

GRRRRRRRR...

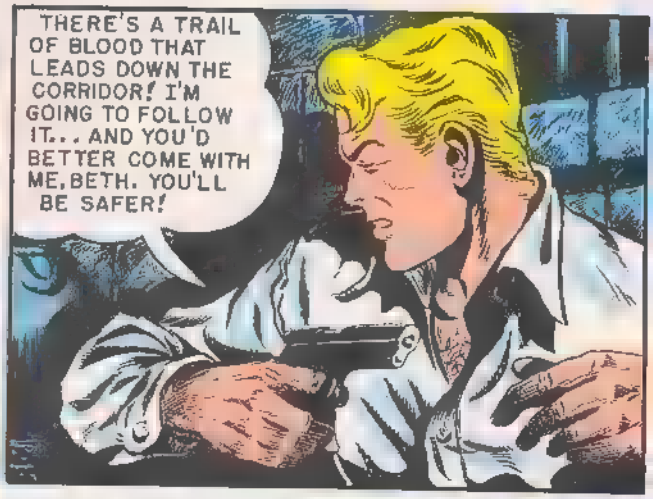
OH, TOM. I'M SCARED LET'S GO AWAY... WE DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE!
BECAUSE OF A SUPERSTITIOUS OLD MAN — AND BECAUSE RAGNA PROBABLY SMELLS A CAT? NONSENSE! LET'S TURN IN — AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER!

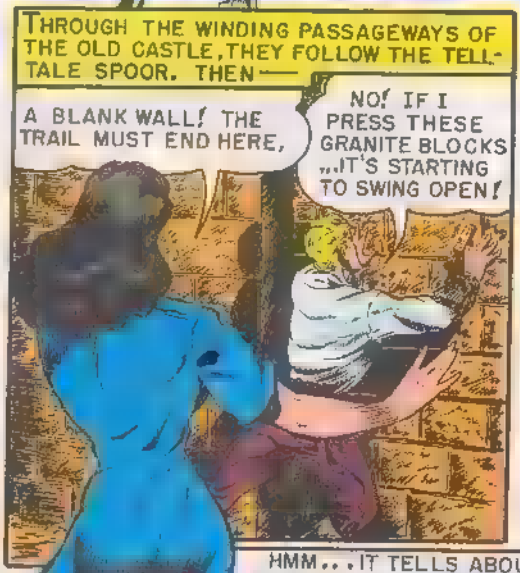

AS TOM AND HIS SISTER SLEEP, THE GREAT HOUND PACES RESTLESSLY BACK AND FORTH IN THE CORRIDOR. THEN...
AA-OOOOOOO...
IT'S RAGNA, HOWLING DESPERATELY! HE KNOWS SOMETHING... SOMETHING HE CAN'T TELL US.

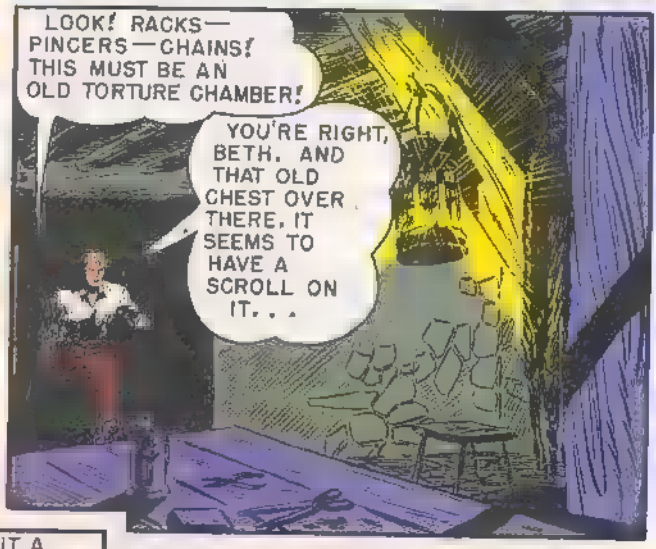
THERE! HE'S STOPPED BAYING! NOW I CAN SLEEP AGAIN.

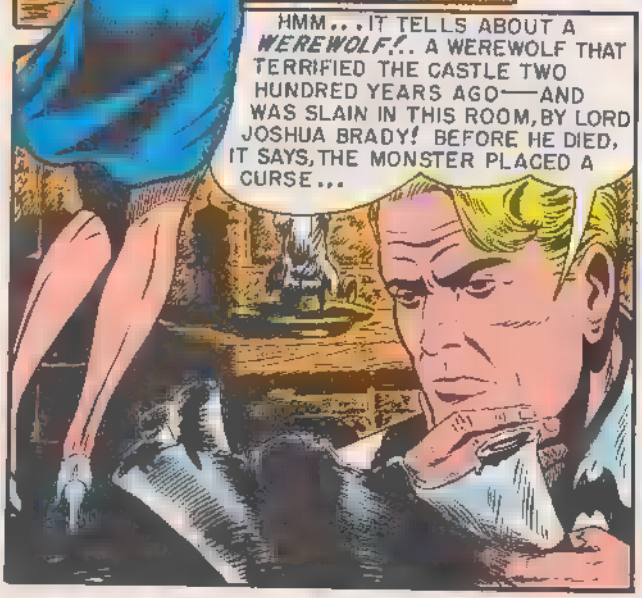
BUT, WHEN MORNING COMES...
BETH! BETH, COME HERE. IT'S RAGNA — HE'S BEEN KILLED!


HIS THROAT'S BEEN RIPPED — AS IF BY GIANT FANGS! HOW HORRIBLE! WHO — WHAT — DO YOU THINK —
— DID IT? I DON'T KNOW, BETH! BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!

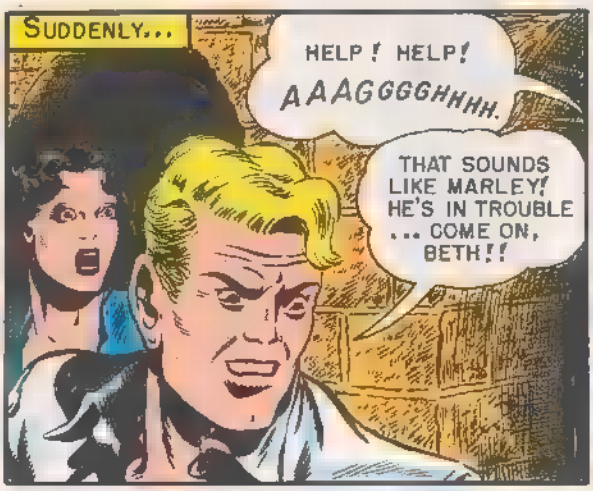

THERE'S A TRAIL OF BLOOD THAT LEADS DOWN THE CORRIDOR! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW IT... AND YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME, BETH. YOU'LL BE SAFER!


THROUGH THE WINDING PASSAGEWAYS OF THE OLD CASTLE, THEY FOLLOW THE TELL-TALE SPOOR. THEN —
A BLANK WALL! THE TRAIL MUST END HERE,
NO! IF I PRESS THESE GRANITE BLOCKS ...IT'S STARTING TO SWING OPEN!


LOOK! RACKS — PINCERS — CHAINS! THIS MUST BE AN OLD TORTURE CHAMBER!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BETH. AND THAT OLD CHEST OVER THERE. IT SEEMS TO HAVE A SCROLL ON IT...

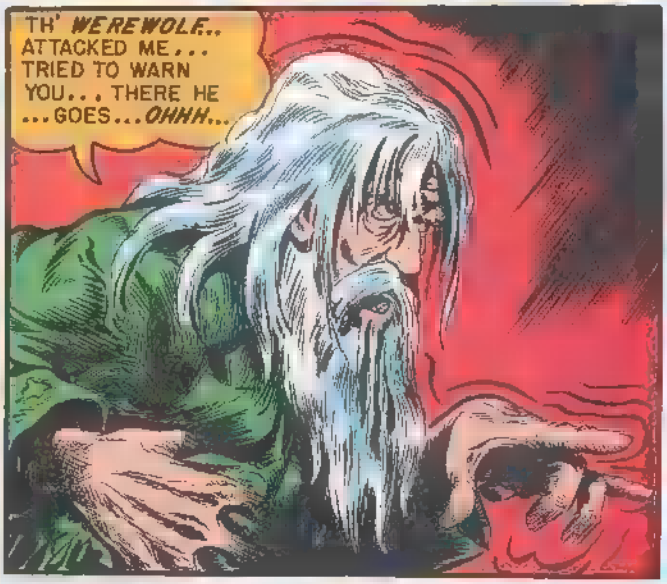

HMM... IT TELLS ABOUT A WEREWOLF!.. A WEREWOLF THAT TERRIFIED THE CASTLE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO — AND WAS SLAIN IN THIS ROOM, BY LORD JOSHUA BRADY! BEFORE HE DIED, IT SAYS, THE MONSTER PLACED A CURSE...

...TO FALL ON THE SEVENTH MALE DESCENDANT OF LORD JOSHUA BRADY!
THE SEVENTH MALE DESCENDANT! BUT TOM — THAT'S YOU! THE CURSE HAS BEEN PLACED ON YOU!!

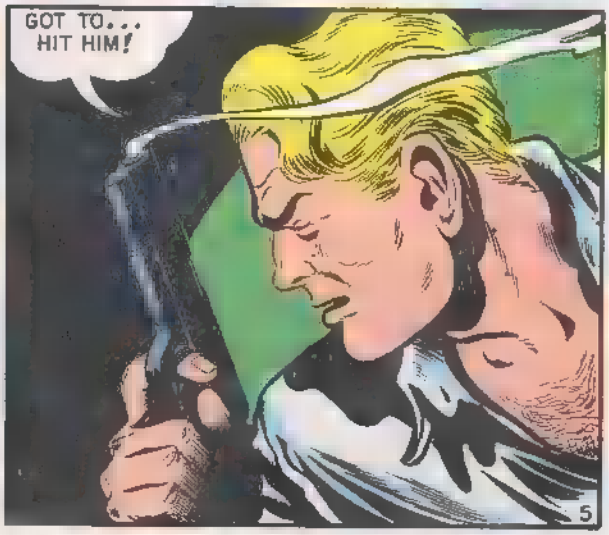

SUDDENLY...
HELP! HELP! AAAGGGGHHHH.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE MARLEY! HE'S IN TROUBLE ... COME ON, BETH!!

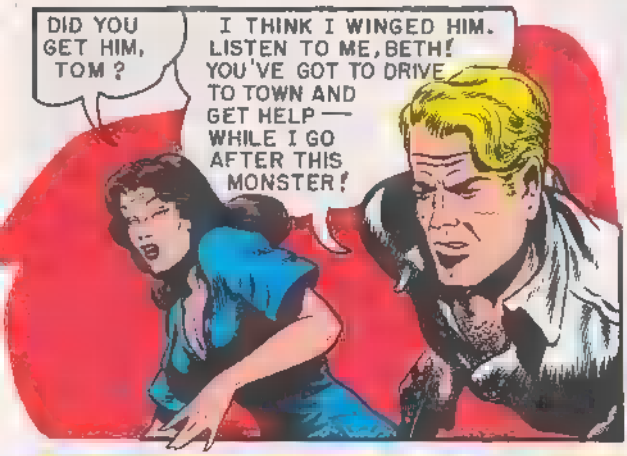
THE CRIES CAME FROM UP HERE! BUT THEY'VE DIED AWAY ALREADY. LET'S PRAY WE'RE ■ TIME...

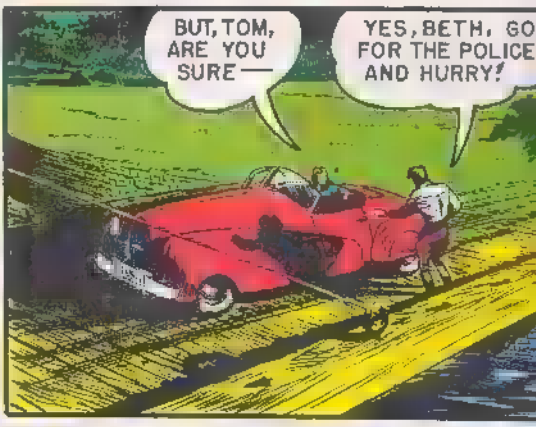
HE'S BEEN TERRIBLY MANGLED... JUST LIKE POOR RAGNA!
MARLEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, MAN?

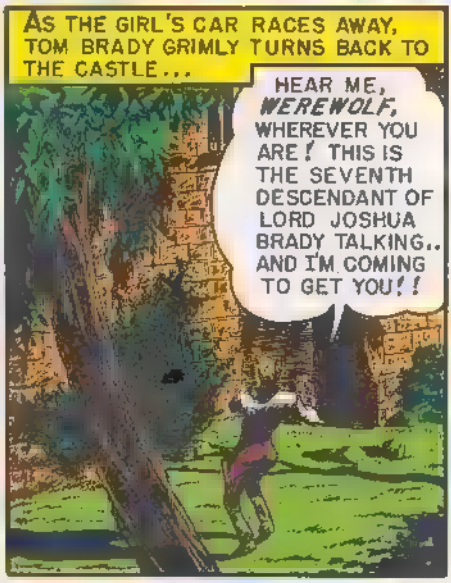

TH' WEREWOLF... ATTACKED ME... TRIED TO WARN YOU... THERE HE ...GOES...OHHH...

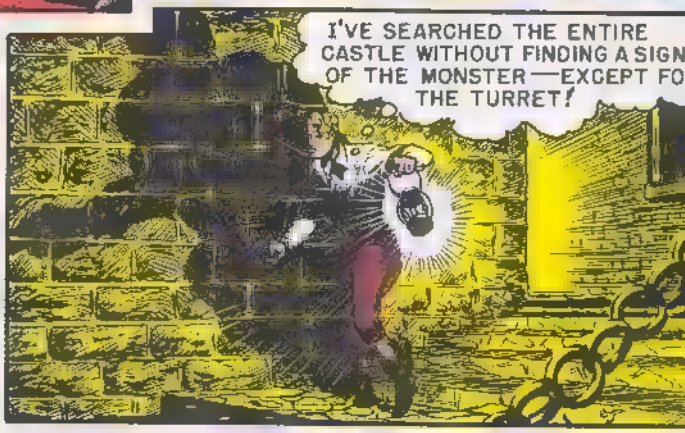
HE POINTED TOWARD — LOOK, TOM! DISAPPEARING INTO THAT SECRET ENTRANCE. IT'S —
—THE WEREWOLF!


GOT TO... HIT HIM!


DID YOU GET HIM, TOM ?
I THINK I WINGED HIM. LISTEN TO ME, BETH! YOU'VE GOT TO DRIVE TO TOWN AND GET HELP — WHILE I GO AFTER THIS MONSTER!

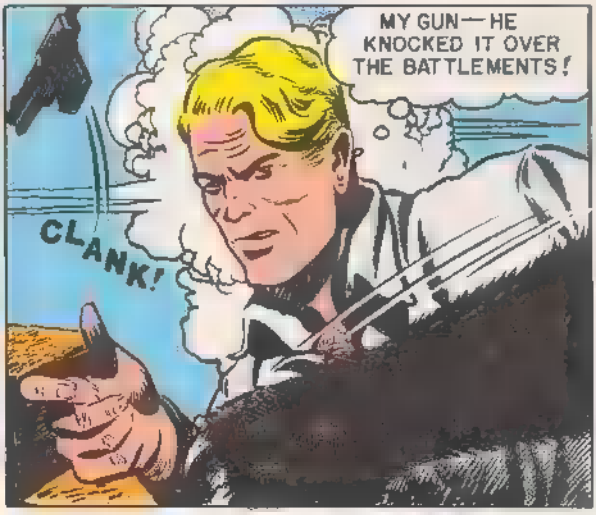

BUT, TOM, ARE YOU SURE —
YES, BETH, GO FOR THE POLICE AND HURRY!

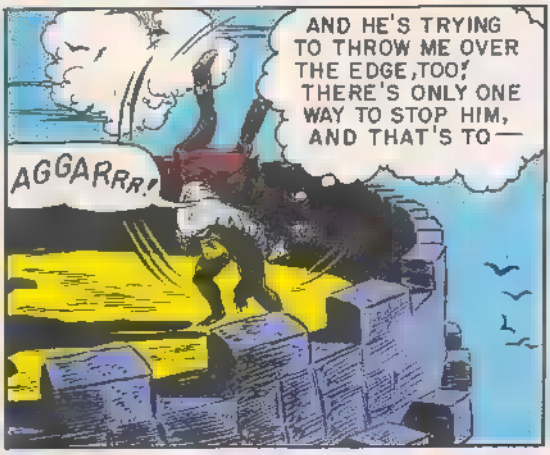

AS THE GIRL'S CAR RACES AWAY, TOM BRADY GRIMLY TURNS BACK TO THE CASTLE...
HEAR ME, *WEREWOLF*, WHEREVER YOU ARE! THIS IS THE SEVENTH DESCENDANT OF LORD JOSHUA BRADY TALKING.. AND I'M COMING TO GET YOU!!

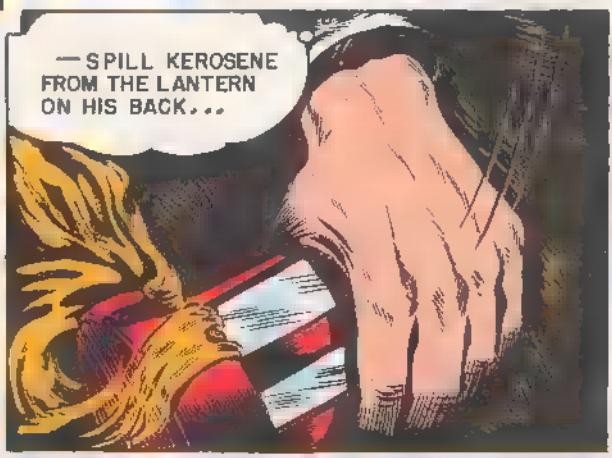

I'VE SEARCHED THE ENTIRE CASTLE WITHOUT FINDING A SIGN OF THE MONSTER — EXCEPT FO THE TURRET!

NO — HE'S NOT UP HERE. I'VE DRAWN ANOTHER BLANK...

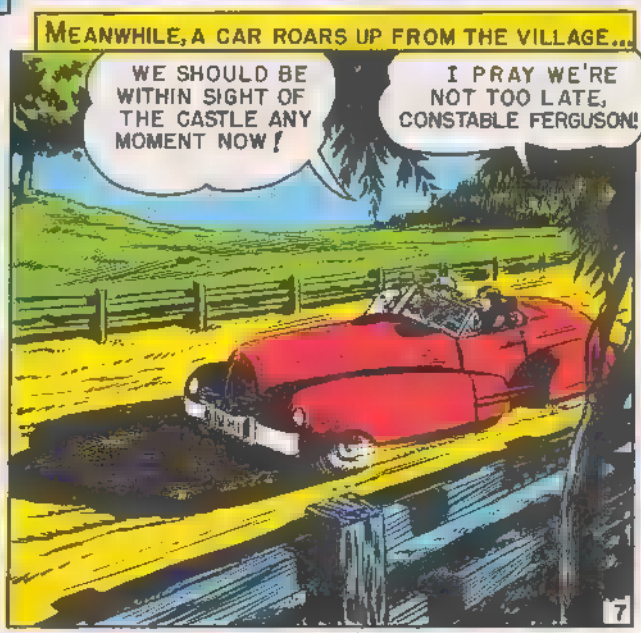
BUT, AS THE YOUNG HEIR TURNS TO GO DOWN THE NARROW STAIRS, HE IS MET BY A TERRIFYING SIGHT!!
THE *WEREWOLF!* HE FOLLOWED ME UP THE STAIRS — AND CUT ME OFF!!

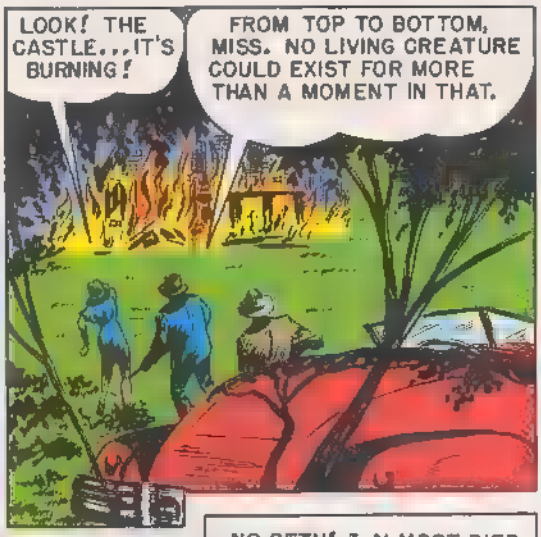

MY GUN—HE KNOCKED IT OVER THE BATTLEMENTS!
CLANK!

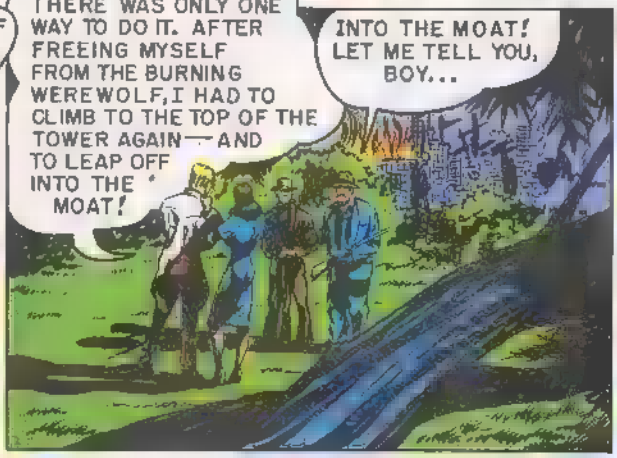

AND HE'S TRYING TO THROW ME OVER THE EDGE, TOO! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP HIM, AND THAT'S TO—
AGGARRR!

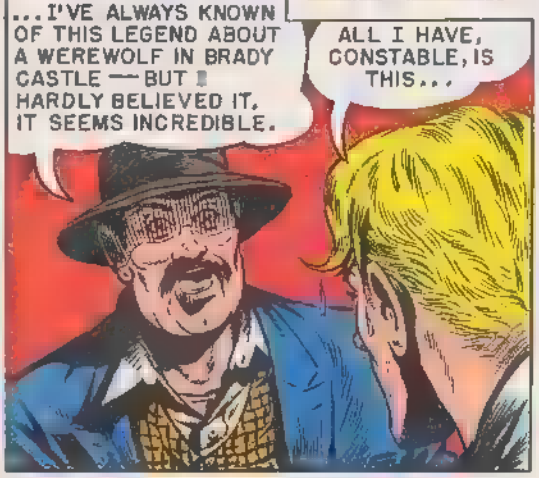

—SPILL KEROSENE FROM THE LANTERN ON HIS BACK...

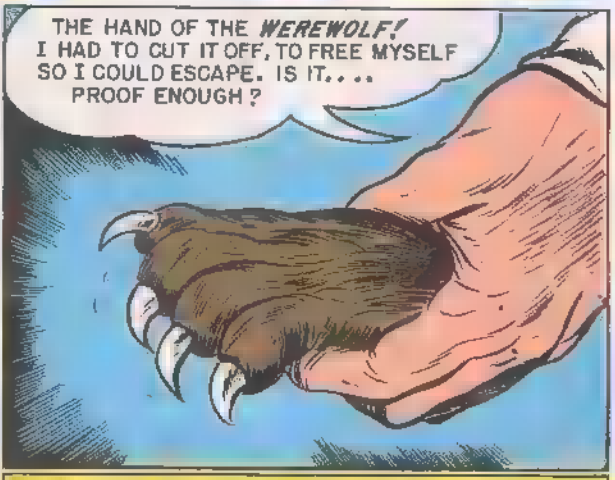
...AND TO LIGHT THE KEROSENE!!
AAIIEEEEEEE!


MEANWHILE, A CAR ROARS UP FROM THE VILLAGE...
WE SHOULD BE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CASTLE ANY MOMENT NOW!
I PRAY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE, CONSTABLE FERGUSON!









IT'S PROOF ENOUGH FOR US! PROOF OF A SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURE IN HORROR THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Back again for more bad guys vs badge guys, cops and robbers, outlaws fighting inlaws? Welcome to WAR AGAINST CRIME – or CRIME PATROL, whichever you're holding!

But don't think we're ignoring our completely reprinted (but available as back issues) EC titles. And feel free to comment on our already released mags; like Angel, below! –THE CRYPT-KEEPER

Tomb[stone] this may concern,

My favorite horror movies are TREMORS and CREEPSHOW. I truly enjoyed TREMORS for its suspense and precise comic timing.

CREEPSHOW, however, stands out as the best. Granted, it doesn't match a few HBO TFTC episodes, but the movie is definitely more scary, frightening, intelligent, suspenseful, and funny than any handful of TFTC episodes.

Creators George Romero and Stephen King (my idols!), unlike the TFTC exec. producers, took advantage of the EC aura and made smartly written original stories based on cliches that were normally used in the horror mags. [The] HBO producers [took] only the short stories' titles and [wrote] their own material.

CREEPSHOWs stories in fact, resembled many ECs. [compare] "Father's Day" to Room for One More" (HAUNT 7), "Scared to Death" (CRYPT 8) and "The Thing From the Grave" (CRYPT 6); "The Lonesome Death of Jordy Verril" to "Swamped" (HAUNT 27); "Something to Tide you Over" to "Beauty and the Beach" (SHOCK 8) and "The Lake" (VAULT 20); "The Crate" to "The Coffin" (HAUNT 16) and "Monster Maker" (HAUNT 3); and (my favorite) "They're Creeping Up on You" to "Extermination" (HAUNT 10).

Angel Reyes — address unknown

Gotta agree with high marks for TREMORS, and the sequel! Best use of worms since Buddy's Bait Shop opened a lunch counter! The anonymous editor of these mags says CREEPSHOW's "The Crate" is as good as EC's best (although it hurts him to say it – I jerk his choke-collar when he does!). –CK

Dear WAR AGAINST CRIME,

I'm wondering why my issue #2 arrived after my issue #3. Page 3 of "Hank 'Two Gun' Corley" [WAC 2] shows Hank being shot, yet Jim dies. In the end, he joins his older brother before age 21.

"America's First Crime" reminds us that the wages of disloyalty are disrespect. And helps us separate the good eggs (e.g., eggs Benedict) from the bad ones (e.g., Benedict Arnold). A famous Johnny Carson-hosted Tonight Show informed us what his wife did with Arnold Palmer's eggs for luck.

In "The Case of the Savage Strongboy" [WAC 3], Willie Blake really fell for – uh, with – Elouise Waller. It's not true that jealousy won't get you anywhere: It got Willie and Elouise from the 14th story to the pavement in record time – at which time they made quite an impression! Please print address.

Bob Gorby — 10566 Grove Oak DR, Santa Ana, CA 92705

The Corley brothers tried to bribe the color proofer – who then squealed to the cops!

C'mon, Bob, give! What's the Arnold Palmer story? Is it on one of the videotapes? –CK

To CK,

Zee Madelon story in CP 3 ees zo fantastique! How did ze cavemen build ze Green Stone Man? Can zis be zo? Zut! Sacre bleu! Mon Deux!

Alzo ze real names of ze charctuers was Mad-Alone, Lucky Pierre, Kraker and Squegee ze Suckaire.

How zu I know – Pierre told me zo.

Zanks, au revoire

Ron Silay (Soliel) — North Riverside, IL

Ze homme de cavern was joost passing t'rough – or maybe the Stone Man was the charm off the keychain of the spaceships of Ezekial! –CK

Dear Crime Patrol,

Re. issue #2: The moral of "A Corpse as the Back-Seat Driver!": pushy wife, pushy accelerator pedal, pushy luck, pushy-up daisies.

Did EC catch any political heat for having the heroes of "The Fable of the Flying Dutchman", Igor and Tanya, be Russian? Or was this before McCarthyism gained momentum? On the last page, the villainous crew asks for quarter. Although I've often heard the phrase, "Quarter was neither given nor asked", I've never really understood it. What does "quarter" mean in this context?

In "Double Crossed", Johnny Kromar sure got crossed up by Doc Mathews. At the train station, while Kromer tries to look inconspicuous in a dark trenchcoat, he draws attention with a gaudy yellow hat with a bright red band around it. It'll be awhile before *he* wins a Nobel Prize!

Bob Gorby

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual letter.

THE CHICAGORILLA

MIKE BROWN earned his nickname as the "CHICAGORILLA" way back in the days when he was only a schoolboy in the tough south-side of the Windy City. The fact that he was short and stocky, with long sinewy arms that swung almost as far as his knees, and that his bushy black hair grew low on his sloping forehead just clinched it for Mike. For, in addition to the fact that he literally resembled a Gorilla . . . Mike's chosen profession, even in those far-away days, was to strong-arm the weaker boys into paying him their hard-earned pennies for protection against any and all comers. And Mike's brain was operating along illegal channels even then . . . for the mysterious gang which Mike was supposed to defend his customers against, was very often Mike himself!

He was a smart cookie in those days, Mike very often admitted to himself with a wry grin. Had most of the kid's dough pretty well tied up . . . sooner or later it found its way into his pockets! And why, Mike asked himself, fully aware that he had the answer within his grasp? Simply because these weaklings around him were afraid of a little physical pain . . . were unable to take a good beating! And Mike knew that he was ideally constructed to take care of just such a situation! For no one could debate that Mike's appearance was ominous in the extreme . . . what with his wide shoulders and his huge bulky biceps standing out awkwardly under his ill-fitting clothing. And those eyes of his just about clinched it . . . those fierce black pin-holes were the strongest features in a face about which the boys around him often whispered: "I'd sure hate to meet up with Mike Brown in a dark alley . . . even when he's in a *good* mood!" And Mike, realizing intuitively that the very fact that he was ugly was the source of all the dread with which he was viewed . . . was able to capitalize on his schoolmate's fear of him.

When school-days were behind Mike Brown he looked over the employment situation in Chicago . . . and decided that nothing attractive was available for a man of his distinctive talents. So he took to hanging around one of the pool parlors in a disreputable section of the city. And it was there that he ran into FINGERS MORLEY, one of the mid-west's largest operators in bootlegged liquor. Fingers gave the bulky Mike just one glance, and offered him a job within his rather extensive organization. He told Mike that he had a vacancy for a bright young lad who had no fear of using his fists . . . and that sort of situation was right up Mike's alley, being the logical continuation of the apprenticeship Mike had served as strong-arm guy in school!

Mike's job consisted of collecting from the various dives and speakeasies which bought FINGERS MORLEY'S liquor . . . and routine as the job might have sounded, [redacted] had its moments! For it seems that Morley's salesmen had developed the habit of sending out larger shipments than had been ordered by their customers . . . and Mike's job was to convince these customers that it was to their best interests to pay for the liquor they received, regardless of the rates charged and the expanded size of the orders. After he was forced to deliver several messy beatings to reluctant customers, the word got around the underworld that Mike Brown was not a citizen to be trifled with . . . and so his work became a rather boring routine.

After six months with FINGERS MORLEY'S gang, Mike began to chafe under the inactivity which was caused by the fear his name and appearance generated among his customers. He looked about him and was rather befuddled to learn that many of the sleek young thugs in Morley's inner circle were making considerably more money than he was . . . and he could take a dozen of them at one time! This apparent injustice rankled in Mike's huge breast . . . he decided then and there that he would have to strike out for himself, in a line of work which would more equitably reward him for his unique natural talents. But what to do? He couldn't hope to muscle in on FINGERS MORLEY'S well-outlined territory . . . he didn't have the organizational brains to set up a bootlegging outfit like those that divided up the racket into home territories! What then could he do that would be built out of the fact that he was one of Chicago's

most feared strong-arm men! He thought about that problem through several sleepless nights . . . and for several uneasy, brooding days. And then the answer came to him . . . ■ had been so obvious that he had missed it, so anxious had he been to look far-afield. He would go back to the business which had enriched him as a mere school-boy . . . a business which he would streamline and adapt to the peculiarities of adult life, of course!

And so began the next phase of Mike Brown's development as a thug of wide-disrepute in Chicago's underworld . . . the phase of his life for which he was nick-named the "CHICAGORILLA"!

He was able to lure several of FINGERS MORLEY'S strong-arm guys away from the big bootlegger . . . some by his promises of greater compensation for their peculiar type of work, others merely by threats of what would happen to them ■ they dared disobey an order rasped out in Mike's gravelly voice. When his gang assembled for the first time, Mike outlined the type of work he had in mind: small shop owners and store proprietors were to be their rightful prey. Their business was to sell insurance or "protection" to the small guys in Chicago's society. In exchange for a weekly or monthly retainer paid to one of Mike's salesmen, a shop owner became relatively certain that his glass-windows would not be smashed in, his merchandise despoiled or stolen, his cash-register looted by armed thugs, his customers waylaid and beaten if they attempted to enter the store in question. More and more of the small shopkeepers began to see the advisability of buying Mike's protection . . . simply because they had no alternative. ■ was either to grudgingly pay the blackmail . . . or risk having their small business destroyed, and possibly having their families mauled or annihilated!

Even this profitable enterprise began to bore Mike after a while, and he determined to expand his operations so as to include some of the larger shops and businesses. His ultimate goal, of course, was to have every enterprise in Chicago and the surrounding area paying protection money to him . . . a situation similar to that of a conquering general forcing a captured city to pay him ransom for the privilege of being left unharmed!

And that was how Mike Brown ran into more than he could chew off . . . for soon he was stepping on the toes of the bigger Chicago mobsters, who owned many of the businesses which Mike threatened! It became almost open warfare between the organized bootleggers and gamblers on one side . . . and Mike's Chicago Gorillas on the other. And the situation threatened to engulf the biggest city of the middle-west, until an unforeseen event occurred one night in mid-winter.

Bored by his position as directing but physically-inactive Field Marshal, Mike decided to go on a customer-recruiting tour himself. And what did he walk into but a store which was a front for FINGERS MORLEY'S mob! While he was patiently explaining the virtues of the service he offered, the word flashed back to Morley's headquarters that Mike Brown himself was attempting to blackmail the shop. In less time than it takes to tell, a carload of well-armed gunmen drew up in front of the store, in time to interrupt Mike's convincing sales-talk, which had progressed so far that his "customer" was begging for mercy. A burst of machinegun fire . . . and the menace which Gorilla Mike Brown had presented to the underworld, was at an end! And it wasn't much later that the District Attorney was able to slam down against the armed hoodlums for the murder, an opening which he had been probing for since he had taken office! And so Mike Brown's operations, which resulted in his own death, also led to the temporary dissolution of Chicago's underworld!

The redoubtable DR. AGON claims that not only was this his Halloween costume, but a cat chased his tail half a block! True story (from Police Files?)! —CK

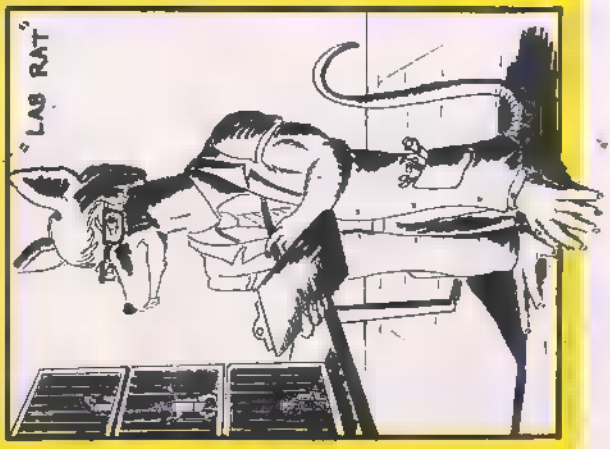
Send your contribs (Not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text and/or bold black art. Warning. . .we edit.) to:

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S

PAGE OF FINE ARTS

GEMSTONE
POB 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

We welcome contributions. We cannot promise to return, acknowledge or publish contributions. We edit for clarity, accuracy and size. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication; to do so we need your address on the individual contribution.



In 1948, the Cold War hadn't gelled, and our society's attitude toward the Soviets was problematic. Also, note the country of these Crime Patrolmen is not 'stated.'

Even Short-Change Silver, of EC's PIRACY, can't determine the reason one asks (and is given or denied) 'quarter' by presstime; watch this space! —CK

AND NOW, COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW DEPARTMENT IN THESE PAGES, LITTLE AUTO-BIOS FROM LONG- AND SHORT-TIME FANADDICTS, 'REAL STORIES FROM *YOUR* RECORDS,' WHICH I'LL CALL. . .

MY STORY

I was born the last day of August 1939, the electrifying year of the New York World's Fair and the release of THE WIZARD OF OZ and GONE WITH THE WIND, one day before Hitler's army marched across Poland's border. Comic books were a major part of my growing up in Minot, North Dakota.

My mother bought me Disney and Looney Tunes comics long before I learned to read and my brother, six years my elder, was crazy about anything with aircraft. He and his friends constantly traded comics and our house always seemed to be the center of activity. WINGS, AIRBOY, BLACKHAWK, SMILIN' JACK and all the flying superheros were the order of the day. I still have a few issues of STEVE CANYON and TERRY AND THE PIRATES.

By the time I got into trading with my own friends it was mostly superheros – DC comics, a few Marvels and Fawcett's Captain Marvel. The only books I collected and wouldn't consider trading were DETECTIVE and BATMAN – but all that changed in the fall of 1951. I started junior high school, got a paper route and discovered EC Comics. This, combined with the sense that EC Comics were something very special, sent me down the road to FanAddiction.

I loved the art work, especially anything by Wally Wood or Jack Davis. I still spend a lot of time paging through my hardcover editions just studying drawing styles. I have, over the years, come to appreciate all the regular EC artists although oddly enough now find Wood's work somewhat disturbing. He seemed to have trouble with visual planes and perspective. His figures often seem to be tilted or floating off the ground. At any rate, I would be hard pressed to pick out a favorite artist now.

As my collection and fascination with it grew so did my mother's distate for it. She had read magazine articles by O. K. Armstrong and those of his ilk, blaming the perceived increase in juvenile delinquency on comic books and she was genuinely concerned for my well-being. Like many others, she never read the stories and couldn't appreciate the fact that many of them were morality-based 'Preachies.' She was also worried that my younger sister would be affected by them and so I began to keep them stored out of sight.

By the time the U.S. Senate hearings and the Comic Code Authority drove EC to its demise I think she had pretty much forgotten about them, but in 1958, while I was in the service, my sister got into my collection which I had stored in the attic. This, I suspect, was the first time mom had seen any of Johnny Craig's more gruesome covers and as a result all but the Civil War issue of TFT and a few copies of VALOR and PIRACY ended up in the furnace.

Over the years, although I did acquire a few books on comic book history, my reading interests turned to history and science fiction and fantasy novels. Probably a natural extension of the path EC had set me on.

I am making regular trips to comic book stores and have restored my collection and then some. I am absolutely delighted with the current 32-page reprint series. I still experience, at age 60, the same wonderful anticipation and thrill at seeing each new issue on the rack that I did as a teenager. Each reading is a fantastic trip into the past – a virtual fountain of youth.

After my father's death in 1986, while cleaning out the attic of my parent's house, I came across a box in which my mother, God rest her soul, had placed mementos of my youth. There among various drawings, report cards, awards and my baby book she had saved, in it's original envelope, my membership certificate to The National EC FanAddict Club.

Michael (Mickey) C. Clark — Minneapolis, MN
EC FanAddict 1705

I'm 50 years old and never read the original EC comics. I wasn't even aware of ECs until the early 1970s, when I bought the East Coast Comix reprints. I subscribed to every title of the EC LIBRARY in the mid to late 1970s. Although I loved the larger art of the LIBRARIES, I yearned for regular sized, full-color reprints. I bought the Gladstone reprints when they came out and I bought [Cochran's] larger format 12 issue EC CLASSICS.

I was thrilled when Cochran first started the current EC reprints – it was the next best thing to owning the originals. Although I'm mainly a fan of the EC science fiction comics, I bought every reprint issue to support your reprint project. Although I dislike horror and violence, I like having all the reprints to give myself a better feel for the original EC days.

I love the story and art in the EC science fiction comics. Most of the art and most of the story still remains among my favorite comics, even after the almost 50 years since they first appeared. Even the occasional turkey (the main ones were the Adam and Eve type yarns that were moldy oldies even when the originals first saw print) is still far better than most science fiction that has ever seen comic book form.

The EC comics, in additional to the reading pleasure they give me, have led me to search out the works of my favorite artists – Wally Wood, Al Williamson, Jack Kamen, Frank Frazetta, and others. The stories by Al Feldstein, Harvey Kurtzman, and adaptations of science fiction stories by Ray Bradbury still give me pleasure.

Thank you for the pleasure this reprint series has given to me. I love having the standard sized comics to hold and read – but I also love the large size art of the EC LIBRARIES.

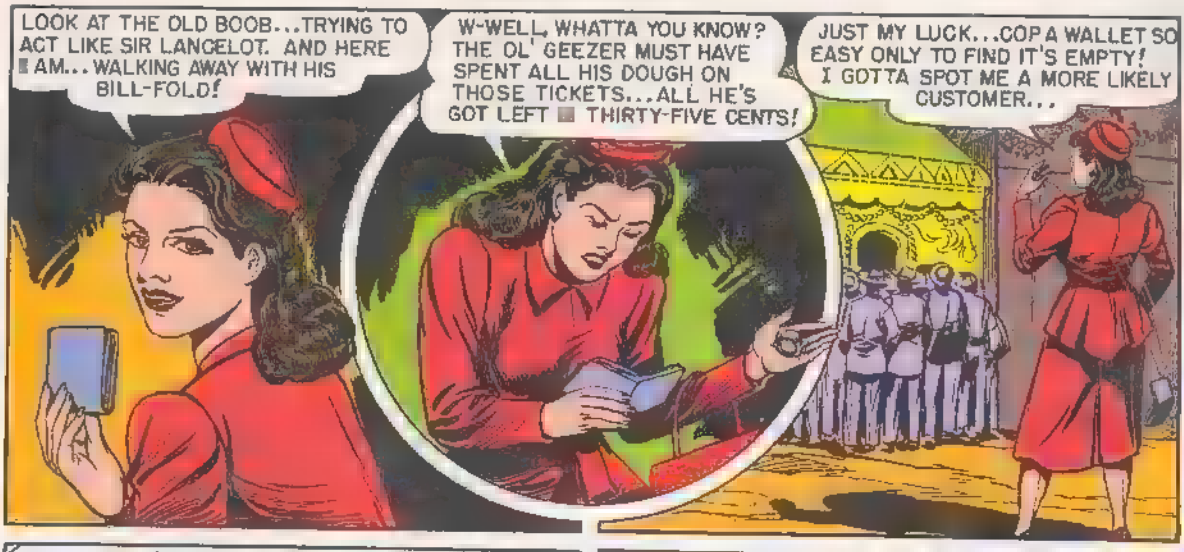
Jerry Edwards — Vancouver, WA

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
CRIME PATROL #5 (#11, APR/MAY 1949)

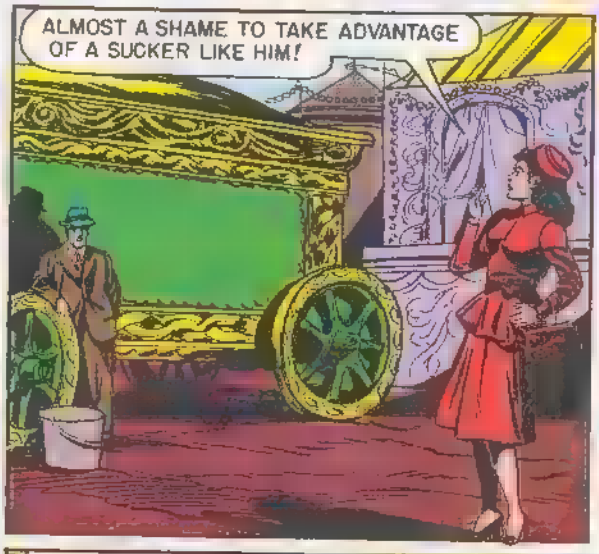
COVER by Johnny Craig
"Kidnappers" — Al Feldstein
"The Werewolf's Curse!" — Howard Larson
"Fast-Draw Fay" — H. C. Kiefer

FAST-DRAW FAY
FAY FLAGG STARTED AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE CRIME-LADDER... THE MOST DESPISED OF ALL THE DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD... A PICKPOCKET! AND PARADOXICAL AS IT MAY SEEM, IT WAS BEING CAUGHT THAT GAVE FAY A FOOTHOLD ON THAT LADDER...MADE HER ONE OF THE MOST SKILLED OF THE CROOKED CARD-SHARPS! SO SKILLED THAT IT LED TO HER EVENTUAL UNDOING... BUT NOT BEFORE SHE HAD TWICE ILLUSTRATED HER RIGHT TO THE TITLE.....
"THE QUEEN OF SPADES!"
1

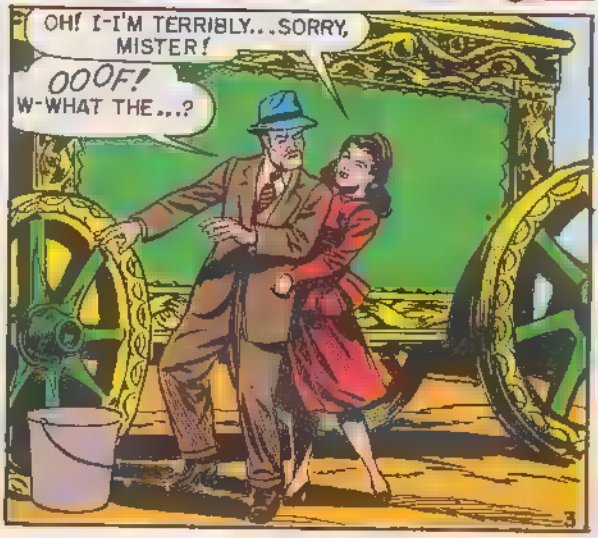
THE GLOBE CARNIVAL WAS MAKING IT'S ANNUAL TOUR THROUGH THE MID-WESTERN HINTERLANDS...
MIGHT AS WELL UNLOAD HERE, BOYS!
OKAY, MISTER WELLS... YOU'RE THE BOSS!
THE BAND'S ABOUT READY TO START THE PARADE, MISTER WELLS...
THEN STRIKE IT UP, JACK... LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD AND START WELCOMING SUCKERS!
MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS...
I SURE WISH I HAD A CARD-DEALER TO REPLACE THE ONE I SHOT BACK IN DULINE! THE ONLY THING THAT PAYS OFF IN THIS KIND OF CARNIVAL IS THE GAMBLING TENT!
PICKINGS DON'T LOOK GOOD AROUND HERE... BUT YOU CAN'T TELL THE INSIDE OF A WALLET FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE COAT!
THAT FAT GUY OVER THERE LOOKS LIKE A PUSHOVER! C'MON, FAY THE FRISKER... GO TO WORK!
ULP! SORRY....
OOOF!
H-HERE... LET ME PICK UP THOSE TICKETS I KNOCKED OUT OF YOUR HAND!
D-DON'T BOTHER, MISS... I'M SUCH A CLUMSY GUY...


LOOK AT THE OLD BOOB...TRYING TO ACT LIKE SIR LANCELOT. AND HERE I AM...WALKING AWAY WITH HIS BILL-FOLD!
W-WELL, WHATTA YOU KNOW? THE OL' GEEZER MUST HAVE SPENT ALL HIS DOUGH ON THOSE TICKETS...ALL HE'S GOT LEFT IS THIRTY-FIVE CENTS!
JUST MY LUCK...COP A WALLET SO EASY ONLY TO FIND IT'S EMPTY! I GOTTA SPOT ME A MORE LIKELY CUSTOMER...

HM...THERE'S MY NEXT VICTIM, STANDING OVER THERE AGAINST ONE OF THE TENTS! OUGHTA BE GOOD FOR A COUPLA BUCKS, FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM...

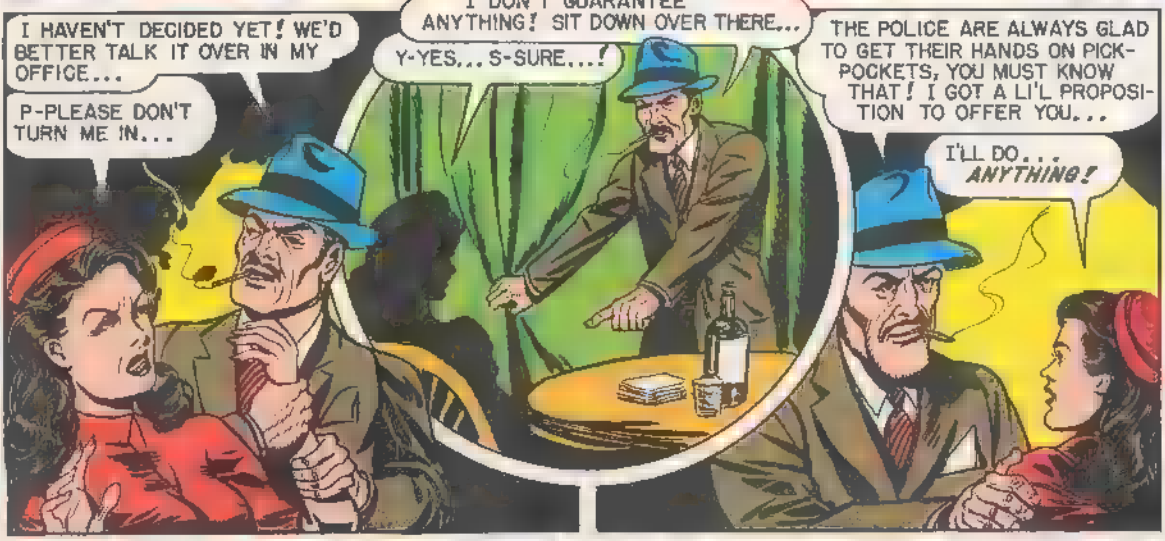

ALMOST A SHAME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A SUCKER LIKE HIM!

HERE GOES! HOPE THIS PROVES MORE PROFITABLE THAN MY OTHER VENTURES THIS AFTERNOON!


OH! I-I'M TERRIBLY...SORRY, MISTER!
OOOF!
W-WHAT THE...?

YOU'VE GOTTA BE A LOT FASTER THAN *THAT*, TO CATCH JOHNNY WELLS, SISTER!
ULP! I...DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

I SUPPOSE YOUR HAND JUST ACCIDENTLY WANDERED INTO MY POCKET, EH?
W-WHAT'RE...YOU... G-GONNA DO?

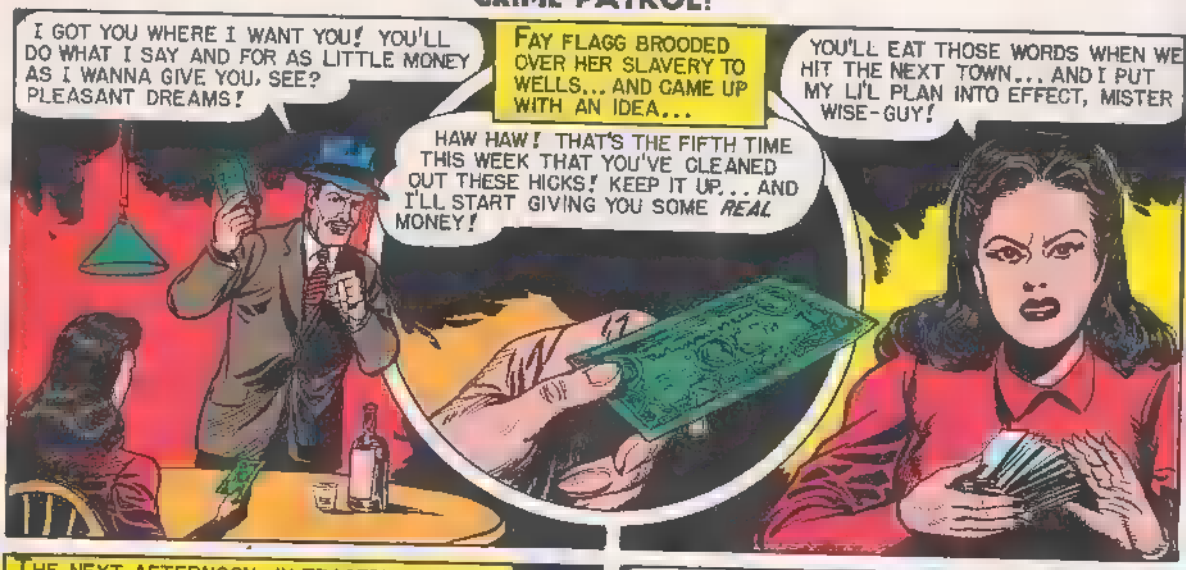

I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET! WE'D BETTER TALK IT OVER IN MY OFFICE...
P-PLEASE DON'T TURN ME IN...
I DON'T GUARANTEE ANYTHING! SIT DOWN OVER THERE...
Y-YES... S-SURE...!
THE POLICE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO GET THEIR HANDS ON PICK-POCKETS, YOU MUST KNOW THAT! I GOT A LI'L PROPOSITION TO OFFER YOU...
I'LL DO... *ANYTHING!*

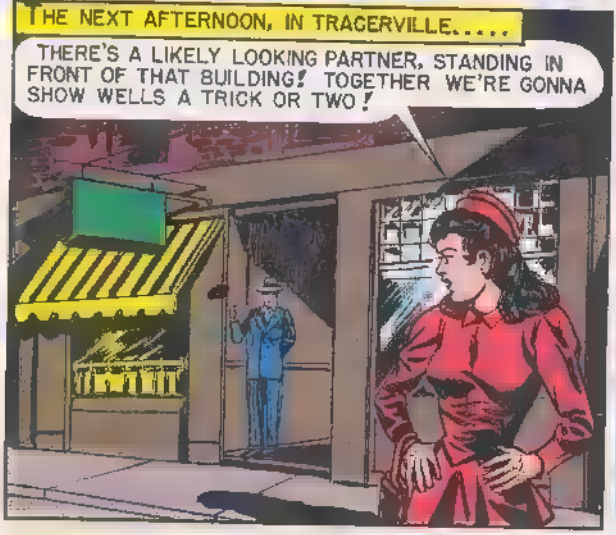
I NEED A NEW DEALER FOR MY LI'L CARD TENT... SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE A DECK SO THAT THE CARNIVAL ALWAYS WINS, SEE?

I-I NEVER HANDLED A DECK OF CARDS, BEFORE... BUT... BUT....
STOP STAMMERING! JOHNNY WELLS CAN TEACH YOU HOW... YOU'VE GOT THE HANDS FOR IT...

IT'S A DEAL, THEN! YOU OUGHTTA THANK JOHNNY WELLS FOR CHANGING YOUR PROFESSION FOR YOU! FROM PICKPOCKET TO CROOKED CARD DEALER!
COUGH! COUGH!
COUGH! COUGH!
JUST ONE THING TO REMEMBER... THE LAST DEALER WHO TRIED TO DOUBLE-CROSS JOHNNY WELLS DIED VERY SUDDENLY!
AND SO FAY FLAGG BEGAN HER APPRENTICESHIP IN HER NEW CRAFT.....
YOU'RE PICKING UP THE TRICKS NICELY, FAY! HERE'S A LITTLE STUNT YOU'VE GOTTA PRACTICE... CRIMPING A DECK!
YOU'RE A REAL DEALER NOW, FAY! YOU CAN DEAL A STACKED DECK WITH THE BEST OF 'EM... GONNA BE HARD TO BEAT YOU SOON!
THAT DOES IT! YOU CAN CRIMP AND GREASE A DECK GOOD ENOUGH TO GO TO WORK, FAY! YOU'LL DEAL AT TO-NIGHT'S BIG GAME!
LATER THE SAME NIGHT, IN A SPECIAL TENT ON THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS...
THE SELECTED SUCKERS SHOULD BE HERE IN A MINUTE! REMEMBER... YOU WORK FOR YOURSELF, IF ANYONE ASKS! SEEMS THESE YOKELS DON'T TRUST ME!
SURE IS NICE O' YOU TO MAKE THIS TENT AVAILABLE, MISTER WELLS! ALWAYS GLAD TO GET INTO A LI'L GAME O' POKER WITH WELL-LOADED STRANGERS, HEH HEH!

THIS IS MISS FLAGG, GENTS... FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN! CALLED ME TODAY... SAID SHE KNEW THERE WAS A GOOD GAME WHEREVER YOU FIND A CARNIVAL.
HOWDY, .BOYS!
ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO WIN AT POKER, MISS... EVEN FROM A PURTY GAL LIKE YOU! HAW HAW!
DEAL 'EM OUT, LADY,... LET'S PLAY CARDS!
TWO HOURS LATER.....
YOU GOT ME BEAT, LADY... RECKON YOU WIN AGAIN!
I AIN'T NEVER RUN INTO SUCH LUCK BEFORE! THAT CLEANS ME OUT!
SO LONG, BOYS, BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME! EXPECT TO BE PASSING THROUGH YOUR TOWN AGAIN NEXT YEAR FOR A ONE-NIGHT STAND!
DON'T BOTHER CALLING ME, WELLS... I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!
HAW HAW! DIDJA SEE THEIR FACES? YOU DID A BEAUTIFUL JOB, FAY... CLEANED 'EM OUTTA EVERY LAST CENT!
BUT DON'T GET ANY FANCY IDEAS ABOUT KEEPING ANY OF THAT MAZUMA, SEE? YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME, UNDERSTAND... I'LL PAY YOU WHAT I THINK YOU'RE WORTH!
OWWW!
AND HERE IT IS... ONE DOLLAR! ANY SQUAWKS OUTTA YOU... AND I'LL TURN YOU ■ FOR PICKING POCKETS, REMEMBER! HAW HAW!


I GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU! YOU'LL DO WHAT I SAY AND FOR AS LITTLE MONEY AS I WANNA GIVE YOU, SEE? PLEASANT DREAMS!
FAY FLAGG BROODED OVER HER SLAVERY TO WELLS... AND CAME UP WITH AN IDEA...
HAW HAW! THAT'S THE FIFTH TIME THIS WEEK THAT YOU'VE CLEANED OUT THESE HICKS! KEEP IT UP... AND I'LL START GIVING YOU SOME REAL MONEY!
YOU'LL EAT THOSE WORDS WHEN WE HIT THE NEXT TOWN... AND I PUT MY LI'L PLAN INTO EFFECT, MISTER WISE-GUY!


THE NEXT AFTERNOON, IN TRACERVILLE.....
THERE'S A LIKELY LOOKING PARTNER, STANDING IN FRONT OF THAT BUILDING! TOGETHER WE'RE GONNA SHOW WELLS A TRICK OR TWO!

AND THAT'S THE DEAL! WE OUGHTTA CLEAR A COUPLA HUNDRED DOLLARS APIECE... WHATTA YOU SAY?
OKAY... LET'S DRINK ON IT!

LATER THAT NIGHT...
COME ON IN, GENTS... LOOKS LIKE A REAL CARD GAME TONIGHT! ALMOST TEMPTED TO BREAK MY OWN RULE AND TAKE A HAND MYSELF! HEH HEH!

I'LL TAKE IT THEN, MISTER! UNDERSTAND ANYONE'S WELCOME... ALWAYS WAS A SUCKER FOR POKER!

H-HEY... WHO THE DEVIL ARE *YOU?*
MIKE CROCKER'S THE NAME... THE GRAPEVINE IN TOWN MENTIONED THE GAME TONIGHT... AND I COULDN'T RESIST!
YOU SURE ARE LUCKY TONIGHT, STRANGER! THAT'S FIVE OR SIX STRAIGHT POTS YOU'VE WON!
YEAH... ALWAYS LUCKY AT POKER!
SO LONG, MISTER WELLS... THANKS A LOT FOR THE USE OF YOUR TENT! ANY TIME I CAN...
THAT JUST CLEANS ME OUT! RECKON THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT!
I'M FLAT, TOO!
SORRY TO HEAR IT, GENTS! LIKE TO KEEP GOING!
CUT IT SHORT, BUSTER... AND BEAT IT BEFORE I FORGET MYSELF!
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME, YOU LI'L CHIZZLER! YOU FED THAT RUBE ALL THE WINNING CARDS...
BUT YOU COULDN'T SAY ANYTHING... OR YOUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS WOULD HAVE FOUND OUT THAT *YOU* RUN A CROOKED GAME, EH?
I'LL TEACH YOU TO TRY TO CROSS JOHNNY WELLS... YOU DIRTY FOUR-FLUSHER!
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, YOU CHEAP HOODLUM!
I'LL DEAL MYSELF IN ON THIS HAND, TOUGH GUY!
OOOOF!

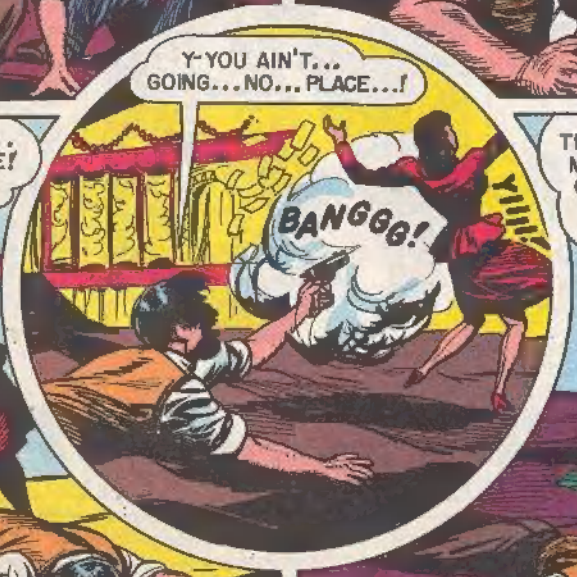
YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, STRANGER... AND YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

TOO BAD YOU LEARNED SO LATE TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
BANG!
AIEE

HAW HAW! THOUGHT YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WERE GONNA CROSS ME, EH?
I'LL CROSS YOU, YOU DIRTY THUG!

YOU WON'T TRY ANY TRICKS ANYMORE, YOU BUZZARD!
CLUNK!
AIEEEE!

GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE... BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE! G-GOT ALL THE DOUGH... G-GOTTA... SCRAM!


Y-YOU AIN'T... GOING... NO... PLACE...!
BANGGG!
YIII!

THEY'RE ALL DEAD AS MACKERELS! MUSTA BEEN QUITE A FUSS... LOOKS LIKE A REAL OL' TIME MOUNTAIN FEUD!

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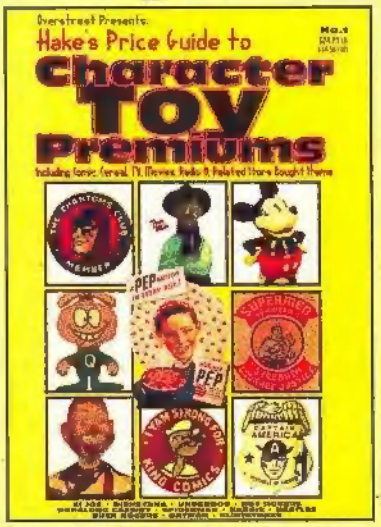

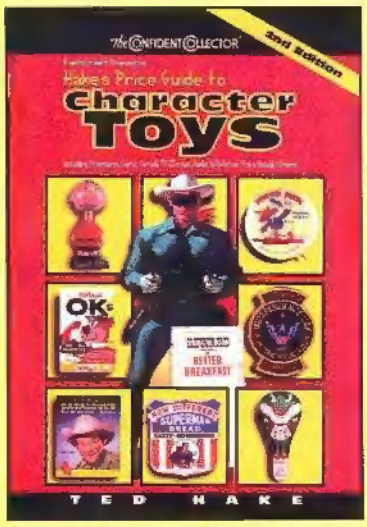

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